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MASONIC NOTICE

Regular communication of Grayling in Lodge No. 356 at Masonic Hall in Grayling on Thursday evenings on or before the full moon at 8 o'clock sharp, before Sept. 20th to until Sept. 20th, after Sept. 20th to March 20th, 7:30 o'clock.

G. M. F. DAVIS, W. M.
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Physician and Surgeon,
GRATLING, MICH.
U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions.
Graduate of University of Mich. 1853.
Office with A. H. Swarthout.
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Office hour from 9 to 12 a. m.

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tracting, Mortgaging, etc., etc.

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OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

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ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR,
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Business in adjoining County solicited.

Real Estate, Insurance, Collection Art
GRAYLING, MICH.

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD TIMES.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, went roaring up the chimney wide; The huge hall-table's oaken face, Scrubbed till it shone, the day of grace, Bore them upon its massive board; No mark to part the squid and lord; Then was brought in the lusty brawn, By old blue-coated serving-men; Then the grim boat's head frowned on high, Crested with hays and rosemary. Well can the green-garbed ranger tell: When and where the monster he tore, And all the biting of the boar. The wasail round, in good brown bowls, Garnished with ribbons, blithly brawns, There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie, Nor failed old Scotland to produce, At such high tide, her savory goose. The came the merry maskers in; And carols roared with blithesome din; If unmelodic was the song, It was a hearty note and strong. Who lists may in their nummeling see Traces of ancient mystery; White shirts supply'd at the masquerade; And smitten checks the visions made; But, ch! what maskers, richly dight; Can boast of bounties half so light? England was merry England, when Old Christmas brought his sports agane. 'Twas Christmas broached the mirthiest ale! 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft would cheer. A poor man's heart through the year.

ROSE BELL'S CHRISTMAS.

Dainty lace hangings, rivaling the frostwork that would be on the window by morning, framed in the fair face of a girl, who stood tapping drearily on the window-pane and looking at the storm and the people hurrying by outside. Her face was clouded and her gray eyes had grown a shade darker with trouble.

There was snow everywhere—under foot, overhead and all around, hurrying and surrounder into people's faces and lodging in the folds of every garment. The traditional old woman must have been plucking an extra quantity of geese—for the feathered flakes were flying hither and thither, hiding all the glisten of the street under their dainty coverings; making beds of down of the freshly-raked piles of dirt still on the street; spreading a snowy sheet over sidewalk and giving ermine-like edges to door-frames and window-ledges; putting softly against the glass, in the prettiest and most provoking way to the girl looking through them. It was a sudden storm, stealing swiftly at the heels of Indian-weather-like weather that had made every one quote the old saw: "A great Christmas makes a full graveyard," and no one was ready for it. With thoughts miles away, the girl stood looking sadly and dreamily on, noting everything, from the old woman bending under a load of wood on her back, which she had literally fished out of the lake, and which caused the girl, enshrouded amid comfort and plenty, to shiver and whisper, "God pity the poor this wretched night!" The poor old creature with the burden on her weary back, and a burden in heart that would never in this life grow brighter, passed out of sight. A poorly, warmly-clad business man briskly followed, wrapped in fur coat and gloves, his heart perchance, colder than the shivering form of the tiny blue-veined child that jostled his footsteps as it was hurrying through the blinding snow, vainly drawing the threadbare shawl closer. Weary-eyed working women, tired business men, sleek-looking young America, and haughty dames, hurried along in the gathering dusk; milkmen whipped their horses, glad that the day's work was over, and snow-covered police left the city to take care of itself and sought the warmth of a bar-room fire. Night closed in, the lamp-lighter was running about with his ladder and presently the lights began to gleam like stars in the darkness. It was growing colder, but still Rose Bell stood peeping out on the night. Presently a couple under an umbrella sauntered slowly along, and as they passed in the light of the lamp she saw the tall form of the man with beard so full of snow that he looked a veritable Santa Claus bound toward the girl leaning on his arm, and though the girl's face was merry, and her answer a laughing one, Rose knew that they were lovers, scarce conscious of the snow or the cold, or of anything but that they were together, hidden as it were by the storm, and all the nearer for it. The sight made Rose draw the curtains and sigh as she turned away, shivering, to the fire, throwing herself down on the rug and burying her face in her arms.

All day she moaned and grieved and would not be comforted, for handsome Fred Culbertson was her promised husband, and she had given all her heart into his keeping. When he bade her good-by a few weeks before he had called back at the last, "I'll be home for Christmas!" He was part owner of "The Merry Bell," and had intended coming back on this her last trip for the season.

The cold continued to increase. The sky wore a dull, leaden look—nature it seemed dead. Rose lay looking out, and thought of other hearts saddened as hers was; other homes where the light had gone out and made them dreary and dark. Mrs. Bell remained during the night with her daughter, petting, soothing and comforting, and, as the sleepless hours wore away, mother and daughter grew nearer together than they had ever been before. Mrs. Bell talked of the early days of her married life; then of the day when her husband had left her bright and well in the morning, and at evening had been brought to her still and dead. Rose realized, as she had never done before, what her mother had suffered. "Poor mamma, how sad and lonely you have been," she murmured as she dropped into a tired sleep.

The next day was Thursday, the day before Christmas. Rose opened her eyes to find the maid setting her breakfast on a table at her bedside.

"Look, look, Miss Rose; see on the window! Sure it's the cars entirely! Sure it's the witches, it is, and, Miss Rose, dear, sure it's good luck it'll bring. Mr. Culbertson'll come yet, or we'll know it!"

Brightening at the girl's words, and forgetting to be offended at the freely-expressed opinion, Rose jumped up to see the wonder of frost work. "Sure enough, it's a veritable train, locomotive and all. How strange!"

"I don't know what kind that is, Miss Rose, but it's cars, it is."

"Get my wrapper, Ann, and bring my breakfast to the fire. I'll get up," said Rose, cheered, she scarcely knew why.

"Will your ma have the tree, Miss Rose? It's the children is on their heads about it."

"I forgot it," answered Rose, her face clouding. "Ask mamma to come up as soon as she is through her breakfast."

soon as possible a sturdy tug was got under way and went pulling fiercely, but slowly cutting its way through the ice. Intense as was the cold, a crowd soon gathered on the shore, watching with eager interest. No answering shout was heard to the cheerful halloo of the men on the tug. Everything about the schooner was still and motionless. The crowd stood awe-struck.

What an age it seemed until the tug steamed slowly back. Then the crowd rushed toward it, and as suddenly fell back, while the awful whisper passed from one to another, "It's the Merry Bell, and every one on board stark dead, frozen to the rigging." The schooner was only a charnel-house, and the people had been expending their sympathy upon creatures who had been for hours beyond it. Among the crowd waiting on the shore Rose Bell had stood closely veiled. There had been tears and screams from waiting wives and mothers, but she turned quietly away, as one in a dream, and, walking blindly, made her way home. She rang the bell, said nothing to the servant who opened the door, but passed quickly to her own room, uttering no cry, shedding no tears, and threw herself into a chair before the fire. Mrs. Bell so found her when she came in a few moments later, and her own shriek for help failed to rouse her daughter. Unconsciousness is a blessing oftentimes, and so it proved now.

With the return of consciousness came memory. "O mamma, the schooner was the Merry Bell, and all on board dead, frozen! He was to come home on it! Oh, what shall I do?" The blessed tears came now and caused the shrewd doctor to nod his head wisely and whisper to Mrs. Bell, "She'll be all right now," and quietly make his exit. When in his buggy he confided to it or his horse, "Humph! A lover at the bottom of this; young Culbertson, too, I suppose; he is part owner of the schooner. Good fellow; sorry if he is gone; miserably way of dying, too, and that pretty girl! Well, well! Get up, there, Dolly; what are you about?" Then the good doctor jogged on to another patient and forgot all about it.

That morning, soon after breakfast, little Jack Bell, a ubiquitous youngster that would some day make his fortune as reporter for a Chicago daily, ran in briskly, clutching in hand, nose and cheeks red with cold, and absolutely bringing with news:

"Say, Sis, schooner out there stuck in the ice; men sticking to the masts. Folks say it's the Merry Bell, and, by George, Sis, I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Culbertson was one of 'em. Hope he ain't though, for he promised me a new sled if I would say nothing about the day I caught him kissing you."

"Jack!" sternly interposed his mother's voice.

"Where is it, Jack; quick, tell me?" said Rose in a voice of trembling anxiety.

"Out there; from behind Dick Maitland's house you can see her."

Then she had slipped away to see the schooner and hear from others what ground there was for her fears.

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"I forgot it," answered Rose, her face clouding. "Ask mamma to come up as soon as she is through her breakfast."

"It's been over this hour. I'll go tell her; and shall bring up some more coffee?"

"No; just tell mamma."

"And here she is herself," answered Ann, as she opened the door and Mrs. Bell came in.

"Up, Rose?"

"Yes, and oh, mamma, look at the window; Ann says it is good luck."

"I hope it is. I am sure; it is certainly a strange freak of Jack Frost."

"I have a telegram from Mr. Culbertson, Rose. He got off at Milwaukee, and is well and safe."

Then a hearty cry came to wash away the last remnant of pent-up sorrow, and Rose was soon bright and happy and busy, talking of the evening and the promised tree. So surrounded by love and happiness that she forgot the homes which death had darkened, or where grim want stared at the empty hearth, where Christmas was the saddest day of all the year; forgot everything that was happiness.

Christmas Eve a gay party of children and older people almost as bright as the children were gathered in Mrs. Bell's front parlor. Presently the gas was lowered and the sliding-doors drawn back, displaying a scene of fairy-like beauty. At the farther end of the room was a tree lit with tapers and laden with things of beauty, and in the background of greens and flowers were scattered the things too large for the tree among them Jack's sled. How the children screamed when old Santa with snowy beard and hair crept out on the green plants about the chimney, muttering in a low voice, "From Germany I come; as I walk I jingle, jingle, and the boys call me old Kris Kringle." Pretty mottoes or messages of love were with all the gifts that old Kris scattered among the happy group.

A brooch, with its diamonds shining like Rose Bell's eyes, were one of the many gifts the gods showered on the good fellow; sorry if he is gone; miserably way of dying, too, and that pretty girl! Well, well! Get up, there, Dolly; what are you about?" Then the good doctor jogged on to another patient and forgot all about it.

Later on, when the tree was stripped of its gifts, the young scion of the house, little Tom Bell, whispered in sepulchral tones to his mother:

"I say, ma; Santa Claus is in there and he's got his arm around sister Rose, and he kissed her. Will he take her up the chimney with him?"

"I reckon not," laughed Mrs. Bell;

"come into the other room and show me your toys."

And Santa whispered, "I came back for Christmas, Rose, darling. Were you frightened?"

STRAW LUMBER.

A description of this new competitor for favor lately appeared in the *American Architect*, and also its method of manufacture, which shows unmistakably that straw lumber is admirably adapted to many kinds of finishing work, barrels, tables, and counter tops, doors and ornamental work, and that it can be produced at less than half the price of walnut. The standard manufactory is in widths of thirty-two inches, a length of twelve feet and a thickness corresponding to that of surface boards. These dimensions may be varied to suit such orders as may be given, and embrace any width, length or thickness. It may be finished with varnish or with paint, and is susceptible to a high polish.

It is practically fire and water proof, being manufactured under 500 degrees of heat, and we are assured has been boiled for some hours without apparent changes of structure. Its tensile strength is greater than that of walnut or oak, and its weight about one-fifth greater than the former when dry. It is made from any kind of straw, including hemp and flax fiber—in fact from any material that will make pulp—and a ton of straw will produce 1,000 feet of boards. The pulp is rolled into thin sheets, a number of which, corresponding with the thickness of the lumber, are placed together with a peculiar cement, which is claimed to be water proof, and are then rolled under a pressure sufficient to amalgamate them into a solid mass, which may be worked with the plane if desired.

When it is remembered that it takes fifty years to grow a tree to maturity, suiting it to commercial purposes—and a tree producing thirty-two inch lumber will require twice that time—while 20,000 feet per acre is a large yield under the most favorable circumstances, it will at once be realized that where 3,000 feet can be taken from an acre of ground for an indefinite number of years, the process which enables such a result to be accomplished, and which will yield a really valuable lumber, is one of vast importance.

WENT IN FREIGHT.

A little ingenuity will help a person along almost anywhere.

A drayman one day got through his business in a town in Vermont early in the morning, and a train would not leave for the next place till evening.

He learned, however, that a local freight would be along in about an hour, but would not stop, as there was no freight for it.

Our enterprising drayman borrowed a soap-box at the hotel, and, carefully placing them in the box and directed it to the hotel in the next town.

When the freight train came along, the drayman helped his "mineral specimens" aboard, skipped in himself and cheerfully paid the 25 cents for conveyance of 500 pounds.

That young man's readiness of resource might make him a military commander—or a "boss" politician. But we would be a little suspicious of a man so smart as that.—*Youth's Companion.*

LONDON NATURE.

HOPE DEFERRED; OR BERYL'S ALTERNATIVE.

"There is no Wednesday matinee,"

Godfrey Freelinghysen stood silently by a statue of Diana as he uttered these words in the cold, cynical way that had come to him through a long line of plumbings, and when they reached Beryl McCloskey's ear the happy, contented, now-bustle-next-week look faded away from the pure young face, and

THE HOME OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

Does anybody know what has become of the jolly old-fashioned times that used to belong to our lives? They are missing and we cannot find them. The days when the mention of Thanksgiving meant joy and gladness, and reunion and merry feasting, when all the members of the family assembled around the pleasant board, and the great fire burned cheerfully in the fireplace.

How the brightly polished brass and irons caught the ruddy reflections of the blaze, and danced around like gold fairies. Does anybody remember such a fireplace? The hearth was of freshly painted red brick, and the mantel was high beyond the reach of the children. The brass candlesticks were turned up in a row, and the almanac hung at one end. The shovel and tongs had their separate corners, and there was a crane in the back of the fireplace, where the tea kettle used sometimes to sing like a nightingale. Where are they gone?

There was a pantry, too (have you seen it?), with a small of cheese, and mince pie doughnuts, and a tempting display of jars tied up with white cloths. There was always one not so tightly tied at the rest, and naughty hands would reach after the peach preserves sometimes. Anybody know where all those pantries have gone? There were two rocking-chairs, with cushions pieced up from scraps of dresses. The paint was worn from the arms, and they tipped over if you rocked too far back, but we wish they could be found.

There was a kitchen, too. It went away with all the rest. A sweet kitchen where there was always a smell of good dinners, a spicy and aromatic odor of garden herbs. No tea or coffee has ever been found since with such a delicious aroma. There are thousands of great residences with every modern appliance for comfort, where they have state dinners with no end of pomp and show and style; where the chin is costly and the eperges are of cut-glass and silver, and the wines are costly.

They were splendid, but somehow, to day, we want the old lost house. There are echoes which come down from its smoky rafters, and they fall upon the heart with a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain. There are voices, and foot-steps and laughter, and songs, and the patter of baby feet all mingled in the echoes. Sounds that we shall never hear again save in the mystic hall of memory.

Reader, you know of such a house, and you can tell why the mention of holiday brings a nameless longing to look once more into the old empty rooms once so thronging with life.

CINCINNATI SATURDAY NIGHT.

ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

It has been objected to those who speak of the "emotions" of an ant or a bee, for example, that we are not justified in applying terms derived from human psychology to animals so remote in structure from the human type. Dr. Romanes replies to this objection by showing that the ground of all inference as to the mental processes of animals is an argument from the analogy of their actions with our own. "Now, it is of course perfectly true that the less the resemblance the less is the probability of any analogy built upon the resemblance, and therefore that the inference of an ant or bee feeling sympathetic or rage is not so valid as the similar inference in the case of a dog or monkey. Still it is an inference, and, so far as it goes, a valid one—being, in fact, the only inference available. That is to say, if we observe an ant or a bee apparently exhibiting sympathetic or rage, we must either conclude that some psychological state resembling that of sympathy or rage is present, or else refuse to think about the subject at all; from the observable facts there is no other inference open."

Assuming that we are justified in concluding that the mental processes are similar when there are similar external appearances, we still need a criterion of mental as distinguished from reflex action; for we find both in men and animals examples of actions "mind-like and not yet truly mental." Objectively considered, the only distinction between adaptive movements due to mental perception consists in the former depending on inherited mechanisms within the nervous system being so constructed as to effect particular adaptive movements in response to particular stimulations, while the latter are in accordance with the results of its own individual experience?" It it does, we have evidence that the limit of non-mental action has been passed; that is, we are able to fix, by means of this criterion, "the upper limit of non-mental action." After distinguishing reflex from mental action, it remains to be seen whether the tastes or needs of the recipient they have a double value. An excellent present for a child is a microscope, a cabinet of minerals, a historical chart, a writing-desk, a tool-chest, a work-box. Any one of these gifts will be of lasting utility; some of them can be so shared with others that a whole family will be benefited by them, as the chart, the cabinet, the microscope. Mineralogical cabinets can be bought for a small sum, microscopes are for sale at every price, and are of great value to young students.—*Evening Star.*

TOKENS OF REGARD.

We believe in presents of all sorts—Christmas boxes, New Year's gifts, birthday presents, especially for children and young people. Make them rejoice because they were born, and rejoice with them. It is well for children not only to receive presents but to make them. Gifts need not be costly to be very precious, and if they are chosen with reference to the tastes or needs of the recipient, they have a double value.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

FOREIGN.

A conflagration raged for ten hours in the heart of London, and swept away buildings covering two acres of ground, and occupied by three of the largest wholesale firms in the world's metropolis, namely—Foster, Porter & Co., Hosiery; Silver & Flemming, bronzes, clocks and fancy goods, and Rylands, dry goods. The loss is placed at \$15,000,000.

The bark Argonaut, bound from Britain to New York, founded at sea, and the Captain and ten of the crew perished.

The island of Ceylon has been chosen as the future residence of the Egyptian exiles.

The Chamber of Commerce of every port in Germany has protested against the exclusion of American pork.

More British marines will be sent to Ireland to do police duty.

Needy foreigners in large numbers presented themselves before the Consulates at Alexandria, the other day, and entered protest against the delay in indemnifying them for losses during the bombardment.

The convicted Joyce murderers in Ireland have had their sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

United States Minister Wallace was honored with a public procession in Jerusalem.

Forty-four political prisoners were released at Alexandria last week.

A gale on the coast of Spain caused many shipwrecks and considerable loss of life.

Five persons were drowned at London, by breaking through the ice while skating.

The Spanish War Office at Madrid, including the library and part of the archives, was swept away by fire.

The Pulse Prophet has been defeated at Barb and El Obeid, and Khartoum is safe.

Cetewayo is to return to Zululand, where he will again be crowned King.

The Bishop of Winchester declined the Archibishopric of Canterbury.

Lord Derby has accepted the India Secretariate.

The Sultan has ordered a bomb and grenade proof carriage.

The Boers have captured the famous Kaffir chief, Maqponi.

The Czar and Czarina are preparing to make a continental tour.

An anti-terrorist association, designed to counteract the plots of the nihilists, has been organized at St. Petersburg, branches of which will be established in all the European capitals.

FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Business failures for the week ended Dec. 9 numbered 247, being up more than of the preceding week, and an increase of 78 over the corresponding week in 1881.

The Firemen's Fire Insurance Company, with a capital of paper of \$1,000,000, has collapsed.

The Delaware rolling-mill, at Philadelphia, N. J., started up last week. The South Chicago rolling-mills and the Riverside rolling-mill, at New Castle, Del., shut down.

The Western Nail Association met in Pittsburgh, Pa., and reaffirmed the card rule. Trade was reported good.

Work has been resumed in the rail department of the Allentown, (Pa.) rolling-mill as well as in the griddle and bar departments.

Hoff & Co., the Monroeville firm which failed some weeks ago, have settled with their creditors for \$125 cents on the dollar.

POLITICAL.

The Democratic aspirants to the speakership of the House of Representatives are Messrs. Carlisle, Randall, Converse, and Blackburn.

It is reported that Congressman Manning, of Mississippi, who ran against Charmer, refuses to accept a certificate of election from the Governor of that state, as he believes he was not fairly elected. The Governor, however, still refuses to give a certificate to Chalmers, and says he will order a new election in case Manning persists in refusing the certificate.

By order of Secretary Folger, Maj. L. H. Drury has been discharged from the custodianship of the Government building, in Chicago.

Congressman Blackburn, of Kentucky, has announced himself a candidate for the speakership of the next House of Representatives.

GENERAL.

In his annual report the Commissioner of Pensions recommends the remodeling of the county-bound laws, and the granting of pensions according to disability rather than rank. At present there are 117 grades of pensioners. The Commissioner regrets the fact that no enumeration of the pension population was made in the last census, but an approximation shows that out of 2,063,391 soldiers enlisted in the war of the rebellion, only 36 per cent. have applied for pensions.

The United States Commissioner of Railroads reports that at the end of June last the Union Pacific Company owned the Government \$63,200,570, and that the Central Pacific was indebted to the amount of \$52,140,813.

A Washington telegram says that "the Ways and Means Committee of the House began the consideration of the Tariff Commission report, and approved the recommendations in regard to most of the chemicals included in schedule A." They decided to reduce the rate on flaxseed and linseed oil."

The bitter strife between the railroads in the Northwest has been brought to a close, and the old rates have been restored on all the warring lines.

PERSONAL.

Gen. Sidney Burbank, a retired army officer, died at Newport, Ky.

Sir Hugh Allan, the well-known shipbuilder and the wealthiest citizen of Canada, died at Edinburgh, Scotland, aged 72.

E. O'Hagan, a leading member of the Ohio Senate, died at Sandusky.

Joseph A. Noonan, at one time a prominent journalist and politician of Wisconsin, died in the Waupaca Insane Asylum, of which he had been inmate for two years. His last journalistic work was done on the *Industrial Age* of Chicago, which he established and published for two years.

Gibbsland, the young New Yorker, who became "mashed" on Miss Langtry, lavished thousands of dollars upon the Lily, his hill in Baltimore.

Confederate bonds bring \$5.73 per \$1,000 in Baltimore.

The Junior class of Adelbert College, Cleveland, has been expelled.

PROF. LOUNSBURY wants the philologists to explain to him why the words compounded from the Latin *cedo* should be spelled both *cede* and *cede*; *proceed*, *precede* and *precede*; *accede*, why not the first two named preceude and *cede*? True enough, why not? The current spelling of them is a palpable, flagrant violation of their etymological derivation, and is founded on a blunder perversely adhered to by usage.

Ians and Editor Bonner, of the New York Ledger, had a narrow escape from death.

A loss of \$170,000 was incurred by the burning of the Saginaw (Mich.) Barrel Company's works.

The tug George W. Childs and yacht Idle Hour foundered off Hatteras in the storm of Nov. 22, and all on board perished.

Fire swept away Culver Hall, at Medina, Pa., occupied by sixty students at Allegheny College, and valued at \$30,000.

Fero's vegetable-soup works, at Lyndonville, N. Y., were burned, causing a loss of \$15,000.

Four lads were drowned by the capsizing of an oyster boat at Fort Myers, Fla.

The explosion of a copper still in a distillery at Belle Vernon, Pa., resulted in the death of William Lucas and the destruction of the distillery and the bonded warehouse, with its stock of liquors. The loss is estimated at \$40,000.

The iron and steel bridge over the Mexican Pacific railroad extension near San Antonio, Texas, collapsed, and seven men were killed.

Stone chapel belonging to Drury College, at Springfield, Mo., which cost about \$45,000, was burned.

A fire at Springfield, Ohio, destroyed the Beardott bicycle factory, causing a loss of \$35,000.

Nine frame buildings at Texarkana, valued at \$35,000, were burned.

Zieffler's brewery, at La Crosse, Wis., was destroyed by fire.

The grain elevator at Waukeake, Wis., was swept away by fire.

Flames destroyed the Enterprise cotton mills, at Manayunk, Pa., entailing a loss of \$75,000.

Thomas Knight and two children were cremated at Stockbridge, Ga., by the burning of the house in which they slept. Knight was drunk.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

Three murderers, two white and one black, were lynched at Bastrop, La.

Four colored revolutionists were arraigned in a Philadelphia court and committed in default of \$2,000 each. Twenty-five of the victims have families, some of them in comparatively destitute circumstances.

Nobody is left to give any clew as to the probable cause of the accident, and nothing apparently can be known but that the disaster is appalling and complete.

A BURSTED BOILER.

Terrible Accident at Shawnee own, Ill., by the Explosion of a Boiler.

Eight Men Killed Instantly, and Another Employee Probably Mortally Wounded.

Many young and middle-aged men suffer from an exhaustive disease, which weakens every organic function, and is hurtful to both mind and body, ending often in extreme nervous debility. To counteract this evil influence and to strengthen the organs affected, see Dr. Gray's *Healthful Balsam*. It has cured thousands.

PERFECT MANHOOD.

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It is apparent from the scene of the disaster furnishes the following particulars:

"It appears that the boiler exploded in various positions in the vicinity of the boiler, cutting the iron lunchroom, when the boiler exploded, creating terrible destruction.

There were eleven men in the mill, the one fatally injured by a boiler explosion in the saw-mill of Vincent & Son, at Shawneetown, Ill. The remains of the victim were shockingly mangled, and the mill was completely wrecked. A telegram from the scene of the disaster furnishes the following particulars:

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tion.

The Conductor.

WINONA, Minn., Nov. 29, 1879.

I had been suffering with a severe cold for several days; was so worse I could not speak above a whisper. Nov. 16 I met one of Dr. Warner's men on my train. He handed me a bottle of *Healthful Balsam* and said, "Take this, it will cure you." I took it and after taking the first dose my voice was quite clear and four hours commenced to leave me. In twenty-four hours my voice was perfectly recovered.

"This will never, never do. I see I'll live to buy in at least 50,000 acres to get income enough to keep patches on my knees."

He was given his choice between accepting half a dollar or licking the crowd, and he pocketed the coin with the mournful observation:

"I shall have to. That will be my whole income this whole season from eighty acres, and you see I must have some little return from the land or move off."

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THE AVALANCHE.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,
Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, December 21, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

In our next issue we shall republish our brief review of the improvements in our city for the year, together with other matters of interest concerning this and adjoining counties. We will run a few hundred extra copies so that all can be supplied who desire to send them to friends that are inquiring in regard to the future prospects of this section.

School books at the P. O.

A dandy line of hose at B. & E.'s.
Mrs. W. R. Steckert has returned from a week's visit with her parents at Otsego Lake.

Rev. Wm. Putnam has gone to the southern part of the State, combining business with pleasure. He will return before the advent of the new year.

Cheapest and best dress good at B. & E.'s.

Fine note paper only 10c per quire at the P. O.

Jay Allen, editor of the Ogemaw Herald, has bought that office, which he has heretofore leased. We wish him continued prosperity.

We wish every reader of the AVALANCHE a Merry Christmas. As we are three days in advance we think we have the start of you all in the expression.

B. & E.'s 50-cent tea is just the thing you want.

Sewing machine needles and attachments at the P. O.

The literary entertainment at the opera house to-morrow evening promises to be of unusual interest. Let everybody be in attendance and enjoy it.

The Otsego Herald reports that it had snowed more or less in that section for thirty-two consecutive days, and the snow was three feet deep in the woods, which is nearly a foot more than we have had here.

That syrup sold by B. & E. carries off the palm.

Headquarters for school books and stationery at the P. O.

The improvements in Dr. Traver's store not only add greatly to his convenience but add more to the general appearance of the room and the economy of space in showing goods.

After your Christmas dinner, get ready for the hop at the opera house and a social evening at the Grayling House, under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Hartwick. Their parties are always enjoyable.

Headquarters for gents' furnishings at B. & E.'s.

Have you seen that new American Dictionary at the Post Office?

If there are any laws for the protection of deer or game being killed out of season, it behoves those in authority to visit this vicinity and "scoop" in the offenders, as they are here.

COM.

The annual meeting of the K. of H. will be held on Tuesday evening next at 7 o'clock p. m. All members are requested to attend promptly. By order of N. H. TRAVER.

Genuine Lenawee Co. butter at B. & E.'s.

The ignorance of the mercantile class is terrible. We called for "Printer's Extract," and was informed they did not keep it. With averted eye we pointed to a shelf of concentrated lye and was promptly served.

Supervisor Bell, of Grove township, having resigned his office to accept the position of county clerk, to which he is elected, the township board have appointed Thomas Lound to fill the vacancy.

That dried corn "takes the cake" at B. & E.'s

It would make your wife happy to receive one of those sewing machines for sale cheap at the Post Office.

Strange it is that some editors cannot bear to see others working toward prosperity. Already the quill-driver of the Otsego Herald is paying left-handed compliments to the Elmira Gazette of the same county.

A Grand Rapids drummer, a few days since, started out to see a deer. As the season was over he didn't want to shoot it. The result was a long tramp in the snow, no deer, but a bushy drummer who had to hire a team to bring him in.

Canned fruit in great abundance at B. & E.'s.

The grand bazaar under the management of the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church at the opera house last Thursday and Friday evenings was liberally patronized by our citizens, and the coffers of the society enriched \$76.25 toward procuring furniture for the new church.

Children's ten sets and dolls at B. & E.'s

That new Encyclopedia, for sale at the Post Office, would make a grand Christmas gift.

Almonde, Brazil, Fiberts and Walnuts at B. & E.'s.

The youngest child of M. S. Hartwick has been seriously ill, but is now thought out of danger.

The Board of Supervisors convened on Monday and adjourned Wednesday. We shall report their doings next week.

An infant son of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Smith is dangerously ill at the residence of J. S. Harder, father of Mrs. Smith.

The rain of Tuesday evening, which froze as it fell, proved well the saying in this vicinity that "the wicked stand on slippery places."

W. R. Steckert passed a few days in Saginaw last week and returned several hundred dollars richer than when he went away, a law-suit having been decided in his favor.

We trust that with the opening of spring some of our capitalists will answer the constant call for houses by building a sufficient number to supply the most pressing needs. At present many small houses contain two families and nearly every family has a Donkey.

Another county heard from, Bliven & Edgcumbe takes the lead on sugars.

Mr. A. H. Towlesley, formerly of Muskegon, is erecting a building opposite J. M. Fagan's warehouse where he will open a full stock of harness, robes, whips, and horse furnishing goods. We bespeak for Mr. T. a liberal share of the public patronage.

The Harper Bros. have appointed Dr. Traver agent for the sale of their school books in this vicinity. To such districts as contemplate a change of school books, or who have not yet adopted a series, we can confidently recommend the Harper series. Old school books taken in exchange.

Mr. Fred Peters, of Klocking, this year raised an onion on his farm that weighed 34 pounds, a York head of cabbage that weighed 14 pounds, and a pumpkin that was large around as a four barrel. All these vegetables were grown on plains land, and Mr. Peters boldly asserts that such vegetables are easily raised on the plains, if properly cultivated and cared for.—Ogemaw Herald.

The only place in town where you can get clothes made to order is at Bliven & Edgcumbe's. Over 70 different pieces of cloth to choose from.

Last Friday a fellow named Klingman, usually called "Long Fred," got unusually full and lay out in the snow. Notice was given Deputy-sheriff Jones, who gathered him in, and the next morning Justice Kilborn gave him his choice—\$5 and costs or 10 days. The fine was paid and he left. We believe this is the only arrest for drunkenness during the year, which is a better story than can be told by any other town on the road.

From the appearance of Vick's Floral Guide, which is on our desk, we should judge that the young Vick's are "chips of the old block," as the Floral Guide with its lithographed cover is handsome enough for the parlor table.

It is printed on the best of paper, has three colored plates of flowers and vegetables and full of useful information. Those who send 10 cents for it cannot be disappointed; as the plates alone are worth the amount. Address, as in past years, James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Holiday presents are annually sought for. But it is often difficult to find appropriate and inexpensive articles of real value that will be kept, used and appreciated by a friend. Among these we would make favorable mention of the Noyes Dictionary Holders and Noyes Handy Tables. Apply to L. W. Noyes, 99 West Monroe St., Chicago, for an illustrated circular, and greatly reduced prices.

Santa Claus is said to be putting in a large stock of Noyes Dictionary Holders and Noyes Handy Tables among his holiday supplies for this year. This is well. No more appropriate and acceptable presents can be made at so small a cost. The prices are greatly reduced. A large illustrated circular will be sent free on application to L. W. Noyes, 99 West Monroe St., Chicago.

DIED.

In Kalkaska county, Sunday, Dec. 17, 1882, Anna, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Smith, aged six years. The body was brought here for burial, funeral services being held at the residence of J. S. Harder, grandfather of the deceased, Rev. S. Edgcumbe officiating.

CARD OF THANKS.

The members of the Ladies' Aid Society would return their sincere thanks to the friends for their attendance and liberal patronage, also to the ladies who so kindly assisted in the management of the Bazaar.

Mrs. J. S. HARRINGTON, Pres.

Mrs. W. A. MASTERS, Ass't Sec.

When Mr. Begole, Michigan's governor-elect, was in Ann Arbor the other day, he paid a visit to the observatory and displayed much interest in Prof. Harrington's account of the preparations being made for observing the transit of Venus. After the professor had finished his quite lengthy account, he was rather astounded, and doubtless much pleased, when his excellency-to-be remarked that his sincerely hoped the astronomers would have a "pleasant night" for the transit.—University Chronicle.

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That new Encyclopedia, for sale at the Post Office, would make a grand Christmas gift.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to call during the month of December to settle their accounts, either by note or cash, as I desire to balance all accounts before January 1, 1883. By doing this you will do me a great favor, as I have learned that "long accounts make bad friends." Thanking the public for the liberal patronage I have received in the past, I hope by honorable dealing to be considered as worthy in the future.

Risely, J. MAURICE FINN.

SNOW HOUSE—SANTA CLAUS AT HOME.

The M. E. S. S. will hold their Christmas entertainment at the opera house on Saturday evening next. A snow-house filled with nice things will be the chief feature. Presents will be given by the S. S. to the S. S. scholars, and citizens have the privilege of leaving their presents in the snow-house for children or friends. Open to all.

DON'T READ THIS.

I am now placing on exhibition the largest stock of holiday goods ever brought to Grayling, consisting in part of clocks, watches, and quadruple silver plated table ware which, for variety of style, elegance of design, and cheapness of price, cannot be excelled in Northern Michigan. Chains, charms, lockets, bracelets, rings and cuff-buttons in profusion; auto. and photo-albums, velvet frames, writing desks, port-moneys, pocket-books, purses and bill-books in immense varieties. A fine assortment of diaries for 1883; every person needs one. Vases, toilet sets, and fancy china ware to suit any and everyone. Toys for the children in endless variety. Call early, select what you want, and have it laid away until Christmas eve. I would call especial attention to my stock of the latest holiday books, than which there can be no more suitable gift either for old or young. To those who desire something more substantial, my furniture rooms, which are quite overflowing, will offer just what you want in the way of chairs, rockers, tables, bedsteads, bureaus, mattress-springs, lounges, centre-tables, hat-racks, picture frames, brackets, mirrors, sewing machines, &c. And last but not least, I desire to say that I have the only complete stock of small musical goods north of Bay City, consisting of violins of various models and prices, guitars, banjos, flutes, accordions, &c., down to jewsharps and pennywhistles. I have lately enlarged my store and very much increased my stock of drugs and medicines. Thankful for past patronage, I remain, Yours &c., N. H. TRAVER.

GRAYLING.

We clip the following from the Bay City Tribune, as reported by their representative who was in the city last week:

"A grand bazaar was held in the opera house last Thursday and Friday evenings by the ladies' aid society of the M. E. church at which quite a number were present. All enjoyed a splendid oyster supper with some good music. One of the principal features of the bazaar was a fishing pond, where a good many cast in their line and caught something. The Tribune traveler was seated quite far from pond, but to the best of his knowledge several grayling were caught.

The Grayling House, which has late-

ly been opened by M. S. Hartwick, is situated just one block from the depot. It is beautifully finished and elegantly furnished. There are about 40 rooms and commercial travelers can rest assured that their wants will be attended to.

Grayling has grown a good deal the past year, and is more than holding its own with other towns of its size on the Mackinaw division of the Michigan Central. The buildings, mostly new, all look very clean and neat, which goes to show that the residents are thrifty and energetic.

Salling, Hanson & Co., manufacture about 8,000,000 feet of lumber every season at their mill in Grayling. They put 15,000,000 feet of logs annually in the Manistee river for the Manistee market. They are operating six camps this winter and employ about 200 men. At their large store at Grayling they do an extensive business in groceries, dry goods, hardware and lumbermen's supplies. Each year shows increased sales.

THE DETROIT EVENING NEWS.

The Evening News is too well known in Michigan to require description from us. It is a spicy little sheet full of news, boiled down, and the best paper of its kind in the Union.

THE ECHO

Is the weekly edition of the Detroit Evening News. It has just entered upon its fifth year, and both in popularity and circulation has been a decided success. It is of the same size as the News, contains little or no advertising, and is filled from the first column to the last with the very choicest matter that can be procured. All the best items, paragraphs and articles are copied from the daily; a synopsis of each week's news is carefully prepared for it; its market reports, while brief, are very complete and reliable, and nearly a whole page of each issue is devoted to choice original or selected stories—something superior, on the average, to the ordinary newspaper tales. Altogether it is a little gem of a paper, and at the price it is without question the cheapest of the kind in the country. Single copies 75 cents; 3 copies for 25; 5 for 35.

THE AVALANCHE

has received another lot of new job type and an invoice of cards, invitations, envelopes, paper, etc., and is now ready to receive your orders, which will be executed with promptness and dispatch.

BIZZNESS.

WHERE?

AT—

Bliven & Edgcumbe's

We wish to inform the inhabitants of

GRAYLING

That we have opened out in the building

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE

A spick did stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Consisting of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes'

Crockery, Glassware, Hats and

Caps, Gents Furnishing Goods

Tobaccos, Cigars, Under-

wear, Blankets, Etc.,

In fact we are going to try and sell anything and everything you want.

WE DON'T pretend to say that we are going to UNDERSELL anybody, but we intend to let no one.

UNDERSELL US.

Our stock is fresh and good, and we wish it DISTINCTLY UNDERSTOOD that it will be no trouble for us to show them. Our intentions are to settle permanently in Grayling, and we hope the public will give us the call, and please

DON'T FORGET IT.

We will also keep on hand Choice Butter, Eggs, Hickory-nuts, Walnuts, Dried Apples, Prunes, Etc.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

BLIVEN & EDGCUMBE.

CARD OF THANKS.

The AVALANCHE office has received a fine lot of new job type, and is now prepared to compete with any office in the State for letter heads, bill-heads, note heads, envelopes, cards, etc., etc. Call and see us before ordering elsewhere.

THE MARSHALL MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION.

Of Marshall, Michigan, has been doing a successful Life Insurance business for the past two years, and has suffered only two losses in the meantime, offering good and safe insurance. A reliable man is desired to represent it in this vicinity. For terms, &c., address J. S. GALVIN, Secretary.

FOR SALE.

Good house and lot in Grayling; also farm of 80 acres one mile from village.

For particulars address W. A. Masters, or Lock Box 39, Grayling, Mich.

nov16u3

HOMES IN MICHIGAN.

It is during the winter months that plans for new homes are generally discussed, especially among the farming population, and this is an especially suitable time, therefore, to call the attention of readers of this paper to the fact that the pamphlet upon "Michigan and its Resources," published by authority of the State, and containing an especially useful map, together with a large fund of information concerning its remarkable resources and its unoccupied lands, will be sent free of charge to any address on application to the Commissioner of Immigration, Detroit. An epitome of this pamphlet has been printed in the German and Holla. d languages. Residents of Michigan having friends in other States or countries who are contemplating a change of residence may render them valuable service by sending their address to the commissioner.

Grayling has grown a good deal the past year, and is more than holding its own with other towns of its size on the Mack